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The Iowa Review

Volume 1
Issue 4 *Fall*

Article 13

1970

The Weather in Luxembourg

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Recommended Citation

Orlen, Steven. "The Weather in Luxembourg." *The Iowa Review* 1.4 (1970): 18-18. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1119>

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THE WEATHER IN LUXEMBOURG

is like a prayer
that this life could be dismissed
as effortlessly, empty of notches.

And I would say without remorse, that mirror:
this has been my life, the pain
in the door—it's fast asleep; and this
the colapsing day with stars
distant and harmless.

But always at this time I am too calm
to welcome even death
sliding through the trees.
He knows where he's not wanted,
he's been a gentleman all
his life. His wife died in her sleep.

The temperature in Luxembourg
is 78 degrees. The last of a line
of unimportant Kings sits in the garden eating lunch.

In the city of the living
his burghers are choosing sides.
There are so many decisions they could make.
Silence chews at their ears.
They need a rest.

Already in the upstairs rooms their wives and mothers
settle into green sofas, vowing allegiances
to chastity. They've had enough.
Their soft gums suck
noisily like bowls of clams.

I could turn off as easily. I want never
to have accomplished anything,
to be the last quiet man
of my kind, standing in the pasture.
It is nearing the end of the afternoon.
It seems I've been preparing for this a long time,
but I can't stop smiling.